

This week! Albert W. Aiken again! "Velvet Hand," in which appears "Injun Dick."

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No. 380

IN SUMMERTIME.
BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

The rose is blossoming out on the spray,
A little red world that will last for a day.
The mother-bird broods on her mossy nest,
With a sweet song in her speckled breast.
Then was ever caught in any words
Of the curious language of men or birds.
The bee is a-swing in the scented bells
Of honeysuckles and asphodels.
The robin is rocking, too lazy to sing,
Or puts his head under his dappled wing;
Rocking and swinging, and now and then
He chirps to his mate, and is mute again.
I hear the tinkle of bells afar
On the sun-flecked slopes where the daisies are
The low of cattle comes down the hills,
And blends with the ripple of laughing rills.
The air is sweet with the scent of grass,
That has fallen in swaths where the mowers pass.
There is silence here that is full of sound,
And I dream that the world is enchanted ground.
I hear in the music of brook and bird
A language that fits no spoken word,
But is written out by the hand of God
From his great warm heart in the sky and sod.
I dream while the sleepy robin swings,
Of a thousand happy and peaceful things,
For care is banished, and gone away
From sight and sound of this happy day.
My thoughts are so restful, from care so free,
That they seem like the song of a drowsy bee,
Sung to the chiming of lily-bells,
Swung by a wind-elf in wildwood dell.
Oh, days of summer, so full of rest!
Oh, dreams that are only dreams at best!
I would keep you always, if that might be,
But work, not dreaming, is waiting for me.

"Richard is Himself Again."

The Velvet Hand:
OR,

THE IRON GRIP OF INJUN DICK.

A Wild Story of the Cinnabar Mines.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,
AUTHOR OF "INJUN DICK," "OVERLAND KIT,"
"ROCKY MOUNTAIN ROB," "KENTUCK"
"THE SPORT," ETC., ETC.

PROLOGUE.

NOT DEAD BUT SLEEPING.

DARK and gloomy were the clouds that lowered around great Shasta's snow-covered peak. The hour of midnight was near at hand, and the slow-rising moon, struggling in the embrace of the thick and envious clouds, barely lighted up the night.

On the north-western side of the peak, where one of the edges of the old crater had broken away, thus forming a small circular plateau about a hundred yards in diameter, a huge fire was brightly burning.

By the fire, and feeding the flames, stood a tall, dark form.

The copper-colored face, the massive features, as well as the forest-prairie garb of deerskin which he wore plainly told that the man was native to the soil.

Far below in the valley twinkled the lights of the mining town of Cinnabar, and in the main street of that young metropolis of the Shasta valley, a group of miners were gathered, eagerly trying, with the aid of a powerful glass, to discover the meaning of the unusual beacon blazing so brightly on the side of giant Shasta's peak.

"Some of the buck's heathen ceremonies!" the word went around, as, by the aid of the glass, the miners made out that the tall form standing by the burning pile was a savage chief.

Little did the men of Cinnabar dream that the blazing beacon was to serve as a funeral-pyre for the mortal remains of the long-bearded Cherokee, the Injun Dick of "Overland Kit," the untiring pursuer of "Rocky Mountain Rob," the Richard Talbot, superintendent of the Cinnabar Mine, of "Kentuck," and the dreaded White Rider, the Death-Shot of Shasta, who made such a fearful fight for the Cinnabar lode, as detailed in the pages of "Injun Dick."

"Give my body to the flames on Shasta's side," the hero had muttered, after receiving the chance shot, his death-wound, seemingly.

And O-wa-te (Mud-turtle), the Blackfoot chief, who had traveled far from the home of his tribe, seeking the friend of his early days in the golden California land, promised to receive the Injun.

Then the stricken man had swooned away, and the Indian, bending anxiously over the still form, believed that death's dark angel had set his fatal sign upon the brow of lion-hearted Talbot.

Motionless by the side of the body, with his head muffled in his blanket after the fashion of his people when mourning for the loved and lost, the chief had remained until the midnight hour was near at hand; then, to the top of Shasta's peak he bore the senseless form of the man who had been unto him like a brother.

The funeral pyre was kindled, and as the



The two road-agents nodded to their chief when he appeared, for the solitary horseman was Captain Death.

flames roared and sparkled high in the air, the Indian knelt by the side of the form, now so cold and still, a last farewell to take.

The eyes of the chief were heavy with tears as he looked upon the face of the man he had loved so well. Even the stoic nature of the savage gave way before the grief of that sad hour.

And then, bending over, he took the helpless form within his arms.

A second only the Indian pressed the senseless figure against his own broad breast, and then with a wild start and a half-shriek, almost womanly in its nature, he placed the body again upon the cold earth, and glared with eager eyes upon the passive face.

Life was not yet extinct!

In some little corner of the manly frame the vital spark still lingered.

The random shot had struck fairly home, but so strong the constitution of iron-limbed Injun Dick that the potent lead, which would have carried death to almost any other mortal, had only produced a deathlike swoon.

The heart was beating feebly, and the savage chief, well gifted in the rude medical practice of his race, doubted not that he could save the stricken man.

The fight for the Cinnabar mine was not yet ended! Injun Dick Talbot lived, and while he breathed no mortal man might hope to possess the Cinnabar lode in peace. Again it would be war to the knife!

The eyes opened; the great dark eyes, as keen as the orb of a wildcat, and yet at times as soft in their light and as lustrious as the star-gazers of a beautiful girl.

Slowly the life came back to the manly form, and then, as the red chief raised the head of the reviving man upon his knee, the eyes of Talbot fell upon the distant lights of Cinnabar.

"Again I pass from the shadows of the valley of death, and wake to life; Cinnabar, thy glories are mine, and mortal man shall not wrest them from me. By fair means or foul again I'll own the Cinnabar lode, and woe to the men who dare to stand between me and my prize!"

And the pale stars, glittering above, registered the oath.

CHAPTER I.

THE VELVET HAND.

AGAIN we write of the young metropolis of the Shasta valley, thriving Cinnabar City. We take up the recital of the fortunes of this

celebrated town and its inhabitants just one year from the time when the beacon fire, blazing on the side of Shasta, had attracted the attention of the inhabitants.

And, during the year, Cinnabar had changed considerably. Many of the former inhabitants had departed, and fresh ones had taken their places.

The Cinnabar lode had been sold for taxes, and had been purchased for quite a small sum by a gentleman named Fernando del Colma, a native Californian, originally a cattle-raiser on the lower coast, near Los Angeles.

Del Colma was a man of thirty, apparently; a true Spanish-Mexican-American—a man of medium size, dark eyes, dark hair, pointed mustache and beard, complexion of tawny hue, little feet, little hands, almost effeminate in their character. A settled melancholy seemed to brood over on his handsome, haughty features.

Great contrast was he, every inch a gentleman, to the rude and uncultivated men by whom he was surrounded.

He was a true descendant of the old race—the cattle-breeding, pleasure-loving, proud, haughty, but gentlemanly lords of California, who held the land in vast tracts before the gold discoveries brought in the pushing, adventurous Anglo-Saxons.

There was nothing in common between the old race and the new men, and little by little the rancheros gave way to the gold-miners.

Fernando's father had been one of the largest landed proprietors on the lower coast, and, dying, had bequeathed to his two children, Fernando and his sister Blanche, a large fortune.

Fernando, careless and unthrifty, like all his race, had made sad havoc with his money, until at the last day of reckoning came, and the young man found that few of his father's broad acres remained uninumbered.

Pleasure must cease and work begin.

During his trips to San Francisco, he had made the acquaintance of a dashing young fellow, who called himself Bertrand Redan, and this gentleman, who professed to be well acquainted with the upper mining country, had often advised Fernando to try his luck in a mining speculation.

So, upon discovering that something must be done to retrieve his impaired fortunes, Del Colma had turned all his property into ready cash, and acting upon Redan's advice, had bought the Cinnabar mine; and, as he knew very little about mining matters, Redan accepted the position of superintendent, and agreed to manage the whole affair.

A handsome, dashing-looking fellow was

Redan, being rather tall in stature, well built, with black eyes and hair, which he wore long and curling, very white skin, and with a general air of refinement.

A pretty fair miner, too, as he quickly proved when he set the men to work to clear up the rubbish which had accumulated around the Cinnabar works, and proceeded to put the mine in working order.

An evil name the Cinnabar lode bore; too much blood and treasure had already been expended there, and the old residents of the town, who knew something of the mine in the old days, shook their heads sagely, and "reckoned" that no luck would come from meddling with the lode which had already cost one Indian war, to say nothing of the officials of the town who had fallen by the desperate hand of the Death Shot of Shasta.

Some of these sayings had come to the ears of Del Colma, but he shrugged his shoulders with true Spanish indifference, and proceeded to erect a cottage just outside the Cinnabar property, a small, snug dwelling, and in looks superior to any other in town.

Cinnabar City was not particularly well supplied with women, and what there was, as a general rule, were rather weather-beaten and ugly. It was a matter, then, of little wonder that the arrival of Blanche del Colma excited a great deal of interest, for Blanche was a beauty. No fairer girl had ever stepped foot within the Shasta valley. She was strikingly like her brother; the same eyes, the same hair, and the same peculiar melancholy expression.

She was as sweet by nature as one of the juicy oranges of her own sunny clime, but as proud as though she had been born to a queen's estate.

Blanche del Colma had lived a month in Cinnabar, and yet no gentleman of the town could boast that he was a friend of the charming girl; very few indeed could lay claim to even a simple acquaintance.

Still she was no recluse; hardly a pleasant day but saw her in the saddle. She rode a spotted mustang, a creature of infinite beauty, as though she was born to the back of a steed.

But there was nothing in common between the fair Spanish-blooded girl and the gay young fellows of the town. She was not for them, nor they for her. In her sight they were rude, rough men, and she would have as soon thought of entertaining an affection for one of the half-blood herdsmen upon her father's estate as to allow her maiden fancy to be pleased with one of these sturdy men of Cinnabar.

Romantic by nature, she looked for a gallant lover, some stranger from beyond the seas, one of the old race, perchance, from whence her line had sprung.

Del Colma, like most native Californians, was a slave to some of the peculiar traits of his race. He was a hard drinker, deeply addicted to play, lacked the thrift and caution of the Anglo-Saxon, and was as careless with his money as though he still possessed the broad acres that his father once had owned near to the "city of the Angels," on the southern coast, and, naturally, his love for gambling, and for strong liquor, brought him often in contact with the young fellows of the town.

Therefore, when in company with the gay bucks of Cinnabar, he had encountered Blanche, common courtesy had compelled him to introduce his companions.

Small benefit, though, the introduction had been to the enamored youths. A cold bow and a scant "good-morning" were all that the Californian beauty vouchsafed in return for their elaborate salutations.

There was a small group of friends, generally found together after the toils of the day were done, and commonly termed by the miners the "Occidental gang," with whom Del Colma was quite intimate, and as the members of the "gang" were the leading men of the town, it was only natural that one and all, with one exception, should be ardent admirers of the fair señorita.

Clint MacAlpine, formerly postmaster, but now mayor of the city; John Rocks, usually termed "Sandy" Rocks, largely interested in the Queen City Mining Company of Angel's Bar, a thriving suburb of Cinnabar; "Judge" Bob Candy, the express-agent; Billy King, formerly the barkeeper, but now the thriving proprietor of the Occidental Hotel; Leo Pollock, the largest storekeeper in the town, were the principal members of the Occidental "gang," and with the Occidentals, too, was usually to be found one of the most noted characters of the city at the time of which we write. He was a man of thirty or thereabouts, a little above the medium size, with a strong, manly face, a well-knit figure, and a bearing which stamped him as a captain among captains. His face was always smoothly shaven, and he was as neat and careful in his dress as though he were a promenader fresh from the asphalt pavements of la belle Paris, rather than a denizen of one of the roughest little mining towns to be found in all California.

He dressed so oddly that, once seen, he was not apt to be forgotten. A complete suit of black velvet he wore; coat, vest, and pantaloons, the hat even, were of the same material, and his ruffled shirt-bosom, wherein gleamed two tiny diamond studs, was a miracle of art.

The best card-player in all Northern California this gentleman was reputed to be, and clear from Yreka to Mount Shasta, he was known as "The Velvet Hand of Cinnabar."

Richard Velvet he called himself, and he had such a soft, "taking" way with him, as many a foolehardy miner, confident in his skill in card-playing, had found to his cost, and he was always so cool, so self-possessed, that it was not long before "Richard Velvet," that new "sharp," became shortened to "Velvet Hand," and the gentleman in question rather liked the title, so that he got into the habit of giving his name as Velvet Hand. These little nicknames stick on the Pacific slope.

Many a skillful player of cards was there in the territory tributary to the lively city of Cinnabar, but not one of the tribe could win with the ease and grace of Velvet Hand.

A strange fact, too, about this quiet gentleman, and one which his companions had often noted and commented upon: he alone of all the young men of the town seemed not to have fallen a victim to the charms of Blanche del Colma; he alone of all the Occidental gang had not secured an introduction to the dark-eyed beauty, and yet he was on more intimate terms with Fernando del Colma, her brother, than any other man in the town—Bertrand Redan, the superintendent of the Cinnabar works, alone excepted.

Many a time the gray light of the morn had peeped in at the window of a little private room on the second floor of the Occidental Hotel to find the Californian and the Velvet Hand hard at play, with a week's production of the Cinnabar lode trembling in the balance; and seldom was it that Del Colma rose a winner from the table.

And when Mr. Dick Velvet was rallied about his avoidance of the glowing beauty, so rich in all her wondrous charms, and asked why, being so intimate with the brother, he had not tried to push his fortune with the sister—for the cool sport was as good-looking a gentleman as there was in the town—he would laughingly reply that women were "bad medicine" to him, and that as long as he depended upon card-playing to keep ahead of the world he would give the softer sex a wide berth.

Thus matters stood in the year 1877, when we again take up the pen to chronicle the doings of the men of Cinnabar.

CHAPTER II.

THE BAND OF CAPTAIN DEATH.

THREE miles from Cinnabar City the Shasta river cuts its way through the McCloud canyon. Dark and deep was the defile—as lonely a spot as could be found within a dozen miles of the mining settlement.

At the upper end of the canyon this defile widened out into a small rocky valley, through which ran the old Indian trail leading from Cinnabar up the river.

Along the trail, in the dusk of the evening, a horseman was riding. He was well mounted, well armed, and seemed familiar with the road, for he pushed straight onward without hesitation.

When he reached the open valley above the McCloud canyon, he halted for a moment, cast a careful glance around him as if suspicious of observation, then spurred his horse over the steep rocks until he reached the side of the rocky wall. There he dismounted. Drawing a black mask from his pocket, he covered his face with it. This done, he pushed his way through a dense clump of bushes, leading his horse by the bridle, and disappeared, apparently having made his way right into the solid rock; but if the clump of bushes had been removed, the mouth of a cave—a narrow cleft, just wide enough to allow the entrance of a horse—would have been visible.

Within the narrow passage all was dark as Egypt, but the masked man proceeded without hesitation, apparently familiar with the road, until a winding in the passage suddenly brought him into a vaulted chamber in the rock; thirty feet at least in diameter it was.

Within the apartment, the roof of which extended cone-shaped up into the rock, evidently having an outlet above, were two other horses—two other men.

The horses were quietly munching their oats in some rude stalls constructed at the further end of the apartment.

The men, roughly dressed, miner fashion, and also hiding their faces behind black masks, were seated upon some buffalo-robos, seemingly waiting for the arrival of the new-comer.

A couple of lanterns suspended from spikes driven into the walls afforded light.

The moment the horseman released his grasp on the bridle, the animal hastened to join the other two, thus plainly proving that he was no stranger to the cavern and its mysteries.

And this secret chamber in the heart of the hill was the mountain home of the daring and bloody road-agent known far and wide in the Shasta valley as Captain Death.

And who was Captain Death?

Ah! that was a question that often had been put but as yet had not been answered.

About a year before the time of which we write Captain Death had first made his appearance in the Shasta valley.

A stage-coach, northward bound for Yreka, had been halted in a gloomy defile, seven or eight miles from the city of Cinnabar, and robbed of its express matter.

A single man had done the job. The driver, perceiving that the road-agent was alone, had attempted—contrary to the general habit of his class—to offer resistance, but had been promptly felled from his box by a well-directed shot fired by the outlaw.

The frightened passengers, four in number, had fled from the coach in hot haste at the driver's downfall, never offering a sign of resistance; then the "gentleman of the road" had coolly proceeded to appropriate the valuables. This finished he had addressed a few words to the disabled driver, who lay groaning on the ground, cursing the evil star which led him to offer resistance to the bird of prey.

"My name is Captain Death," he said, in a coarse, evidently disguised voice. "I'm going to run this hyer trail for a time and I want the folks hereabouts to understand that I mean business, every time! If they knuckle down and let me go through 'em, all right! If they don't, then look out for sudden death."

With this the bird of prey coolly rode off.

Of course Wells and Fargo, the owners of the stage line, were not going to stand any of this nonsense; therefore, they went for Captain Death lively, but little good did it them, too; not a single trace of the desperado could they discover!

After a time the search was given up, as the road-agent was supposed to have been driven off by the urgent chase; but, just as everybody had come to the conclusion that they wouldn't hear any more of the bold rider, another coach going north was attacked, and this time Captain Death had two companions.

A desperate resistance was offered by one of the passengers, an old man, who carried a small fortune on his person, and who was accompanied by his daughter. All fled from the coach but he, fierce at the prospect of losing his gold.

Captain Death called upon him to surrender; he refused, when, without more ado, the road-agents opened fire upon the coach, mortally wounding at the first discharge both the old man and his daughter; but, although staining their souls with this terrible crime, the outlaws did not secure the prize they were in search of, for the up coach from Yreka happening to approach just at that moment, compelled the rascals to retreat in hot haste.

This bloody deed created a terrible excitement; and for a time the road-agents disappeared, but when the excitement cooled down again they haunted the road.

The name of Captain Death became as well known along the trail as the express line itself, but so cunningly did he manage that never by any chance did one of the many expeditions in pursuit of him ever get fairly upon his trail.

That Captain Death was well posted as to the designs of his pursuers was evident; he had "friends at court" and they gave him timely warning when danger threatened him.

The two road-agents nodded to their chief when he appeared, for the solitary horseman was the notorious Captain Death, in person. He took a seat on one of the buffalo-robos, lighted a cigarette, commenced smoking as he looked, inquiringly, upon his followers.

"Any news?" he asked.

"Not any," responded the road-agent on the right, a tall, broad-shouldered fellow who was known as No. 1.

Captain Death had organized his band in a peculiar manner. The faith of man he distrusted, and therefore neither one of his companions knew who he was, or had ever seen him without his mask. He had picked his two men, had approached them at night, disguised, and enrolled them, neither one knowing the other.

"For our own safety," as he had explained, "it is best we should be as strangers to each other. Then if one is taken he cannot denounce his companions."

And so, with covered faces, the outlaws always met. Names were never mentioned. The leader was addressed as captain, the first road-agent, the burly fellow, as No. 1, the second, a thin, tall individual, as No. 2.

"Nothing stirring, eh?"

"'Tis some time since we made a raise."

"Yes," responded No. 1, with a melancholy shake of the head. "Dry as dust an' nothin' to keep the jnts limber."

"Bout time we struck a rifle, somewhat I calc'lates!" No. 2 suggested.

"I've got a big job on hand, boys," Captain Death said; "no road-agent business this time, but something that will pay us better. You know the Cinnabar mine."

Both of the men nodded.

"That's our mutton!"

The two men shook their heads; they did not understand.

"The mine is a rich one."

"Tain't payin' much yet," No. 1, observed.

"That is because it has not yet got fairly to work, but it will pay, though. A friend of mine wants it, but as it would take twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars to buy it he proposes that we shall get it for him, which we can at a less figure. Fernando del Colma is at the end of his rope; all the money he has is in the mine; there's a mortgage of ten thousand dollars due on it next week. He hopes to push that mortgage off for a month and in the meantime get out ore enough to meet it. Now we must raise blazes generally; damage the machinery, get the hands on a strike, stop work by any means so that the place will have to be sold by the sheriff, then my friend will pay two or three thousand dollars for the services we render in the matter."

"Hol' on!" cried No. 1, suddenly. "Is your friend named Injun Dick Talbot?"

"Injun Dick Talbot," said Captain Death, slowly; "what do you mean?"

"Why, that's lucky; he has full charge of everything, I presume?"

"Tell you what it is, Cap., I know a heap 'bout this hyer town! That ain' Cinnabar mine belongs to Injun Dick, the Death Shot of the Shasta as he's been called! It's an unlucky consarn; I've bin expectin' to see Dick pop in and bu'st it up as he alters has done afore."

"I never heard of him," Captain Death said, dryly, "and I reckon that he won't trouble my scheme any."

"That Velvet Hand is tryin' to bu'st the Cinnabar consarn as fast as he kin," No. 2 remarked, abruptly. "I heered last night that he winned a thousand dollars from Del Colma in a single settin'."

"I shouldn't be surprised; but now to business; remember! Do all that is in your power to stop the mine from working. If we can fetch Del Colma into the hands of the sheriff it will be a couple of thousand dollars in our pockets. We must let the stages alone for awhile, for the pursuit is still hot, and in the mean time can amuse ourselves with this little game. The third night hence we will meet there again."

"Say, Cap!" cried No. 1, abruptly, "wouldn't it be a good idea to go for this Velvet Hand? I reckon that he would pan out right lively if we got him up hyer on't."

"That is worth thinking of," Captain Death replied, rising; "and now, boys, be careful how you approach the cave, for if our hiding-place was once discovered it would be all up with us."

And then the three separated, each one to make his way back to Cinnabar, by different roads.

The plot against Del Colma was working.

CHAPTER III. THE GAMBLERS.

THE first gray streaks of the coming moon, lining the eastern skies and heralding the approach of the sun-god, peeped in at the window of a small, plainly-furnished room, situated in the second story of the Occidental Hotel.

Within the room, a table between them, were seated two men, busily engaged at cards. The floor was strewn with discarded cards; 'tis the losing gambler's whim to try a fresh pack every now and then in order to woo the fickle dame, Fortune.

The two men were quite a contrast to each other; the first, a good specimen of the Anglo-Saxon race, the second bearing the impress of the old Spanish line in every feature.

A single glance at the first—the winner evidently, for he was cool and unruffled, and as clear of eye as if he had not spent the livelong night at the card-table—and from his peculiar garb he is easily recognized as the Velvet Hand of Cinnabar.

And the second, too, so strongly marked in feature, quite fit to sit for the portrait of Hernando Cortez, the conqueror of Mexico, was the man arrayed in the olden garb; no trouble to recognize him in the California, Fernando del Colma, the owner of the Cinnabar mine.

The players are ciphering up the results of the game.

"Five hundred dollars I owe you," Colma said, with a gloomy brow. "The fiend take the cards! Will my luck never change?"

"I'm afraid not, senior," the winner replied; "not until you change your style of playing."

The observation irritated the Californian.

"Am I not as good a player then as you?" he exclaimed, loftily, a true Spaniard in his arrogant way.

"No, not as good," Velvet Hand replied, coolly.

"And why not? It is the cards that favor you; when my hand is good, you hold a better?"

"Oh, no, only I know the value of hands better than you do, and I keep my temper. I play for amusement, you for money."

The Californian rose to his feet indignantly.

"You forget yourself, senior," he exclaimed, mortally offended, reaching for his cloak and beginning to drop it around him in the picturesque Mexican fashion. "I am a gentleman of birth and fortune! Gold! I was born to it, and to me it is so much dross, while you—" he hesitated.

The Velvet Hand, busy now in trimming his nails with a little pearl-handled knife, laughed outright.

"Let me finish the sentence for you, senior," he said. "I am a gambler, a man who lives by card-playing. No social match for you, senior. You are an honest gentleman, the proprietor of the richest mine in the town, and yet you curse your evil fortune when luck goes against you and you lose a few hundred dollars. I, on the contrary, am a social pariah with not a friend on earth, and yet I lose my money with a smile and laugh at the deuces of fortune."

"Forgive me, senior!" Del Colma exclaimed, hastily, his generous nature touched by the frank coolness of the other. "I did not mean to wound you. I do lose my temper and play badly; I confess it! I am not a man of ice; it is not the money I care for, but the losing—that is what galls me! You have won from me five thousand dollars since we commenced playing two weeks ago and I can ill spare the others!"

"I don't like the look of things," said Worth.

"It isn't what I was led to expect. The place couldn't be more upset if an earthquake had been at work here. The slope that's put down on the map for the left side of the stream is on the right; the big chestnut that stood on the bank is root uppermost half a mile away, and there's no mention of the fall. There's been the mischief to pay here at some time, bet your life on it, Walt, and for all I kin see there ain't even a 'salt' to pay you for your trouble."

"For all that, the geological formation promises gold, and the work done here was just enough to make the promise a certainty."

"Geological fiddlesticks!" cut in Worth, contemptuously.

"I'd give more for a show of

Cinnabar mine to back you," the other said, carelessly. "By the by, you're doing very well, ain't you?"

"No, not yet."

"It's a rich mine."

"Yes; but we have hardly got the machinery in working order."

"By the way, senior, you and I have got to be pretty intimate, considering that you are the owner of one of the richest properties in the town, and that I am only a poor devil of a card-sharp, and so I'm going to make bold to give you a point or two, for I've had a good deal of experience in mining; that is, if you are willing to receive the advice in the same spirit in which it is given."

"I shall be honored, senior," Del Colma replied, with a stale bow.

"I took a look at the works this afternoon. I knew the mine in the old time, and I had a sort of curiosity to see how the place appeared." The wisest head could not have guessed from the cool way in which the man spoke of the terrible flood of bitter recollections which the Cinnabar mine recalled to his mind. "The machinery you are using is not exactly the right sort, and you've got the toughest set of hands there that I think I ever saw, and your superintendent—Bertram Redan, do you call him?" The Californian nodded. "Have you perfect faith in him?"

"As in my brother!" Del Colma replied, with true Spanish warmth.

"Ah, that's lucky; he has full charge of everything, I presume?"

"Yes, of everything."

"A man that you can trust is invaluable," the cool sharp observed, carelessly.

The Californian, open and genorous-hearted by nature, took Velvet Hand's doubtful words as a compliment to his superintendent.

"Yes, he is invaluable, and yet my sister does not trust him," he remarked, slowly.

"No?" the American was surprised; "women have keen instincts sometimes."

"She does not like him. I am astonished, for he is a fine, noble fellow, and I fear he cared more for my haughty sister than he should;" and then the don suddenly checked himself; he was not wont to speak so openly of the lovely Blanche, dearer to him than the apple of his eye. "The amount I owe you I have not with me."

"Your word is quite sufficient," Velvet Hand replied, carelessly.

The Californian hesitated; it was evident that he disliked to remain a debtor.

"Stay!" he exclaimed, abruptly, drawing a diamond ring from his little finger and placing it upon the table; "take this as security for the sum."

The other shook his head.

"I would rather not."

"Nay, I insist! Life is uncertain; I may die before I pay the debt."

"Don't let that trouble you; I should consider the account settled."

"Pray oblige me!"

The senior was thoroughly in earnest, and as the easiest way to settle the matter, Velvet Hand placed the ring upon his little finger.

"The sun is rising," the Californian remarked, approaching the window, and as he did so he caught sight of his sister riding past, mounted upon her spotted mustang.

Hardy had the sound of her horse's hoofs died away in the distance when a fearful uproar arose on the air, and from the door of a low saloon, opposite the hotel, came forth a motley gang, bearing a Chinaman in their midst.

Harder characters than were in the crowd could not be found within the territory of Cinnabar.

There was Yuba Bill, one of the recognized bullies of the town; Joe Bowers, the fat and greasy bummer; Doc Slater, the smartest horse-thief north of Frisco; Col. Tom Pipkin, as arrant a knave as ever dwelt within a white jail, and half a dozen other scamps equally as bad.

The crowd slung a rope over the limb of a convenient t.e.e., adjusted a noose around the neck of the trembling, crying almond-eyed son of the East, from whose flowing sleeves sundry "face" cards were dropping, and prepared to swing him up.

"By Jove!" cried the card-sharp, throwing up the window-sash; "it's Hop-Ling-Ki, and he's the only man in town that can do up my ruffed shirts! They mustn't hang him, or I'm dashed if I live!"

Out of the window then, nimble as a monkey, went Yuba Bill, while the Californian rustled down the stairway.

(To be continued.)

Ruby and Gold.

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

THE place was as wild as if dropped intact from pre-Adamic chaos.

hands could be no redder than they were now. But she anticipated no such extremity of action; she gave herself up to the exultant delight of the hour, and gave unlicensed freedom to her thoughts as she sat there looking out upon the fair estates that would soon be her own.

She was determined to have her engagement a short one; and, in consideration of the fact that it was now unnecessary for her to go away from Westwood, she desired its publicity as much as possible. She longed for the time when she might know she stood in her own home, the honored wife of its lord; knowing, perfectly well, that no cruel, or harsh, or suspicious sort, would ever dare be breathed against Florian Ithamar's wife; knowing that his wealth and position and influence were magic safeguards against even her herpest.

"It is July now—in September the marriage must take place. We must have a magnificent display; there must be a breakfast, and a band of concealed music, and in the evening a ball and reception. I will send my order at once for the most magnificent trousseau that Worth can design; Florian will have the family jewels reset; I shall be gay and joyous, and my husband shall have no reason to regret having insisted on Jocelyne's proposal."

There came first the hint of pallor over her face as she mentally pronounced the name of the victim to her jealous hate.

"I wonder why I have thought so much more than usual of her to-day, and to-night? I presume it is because I have accomplished that for which I removed her. I wonder what she would think if she knew—I wonder if she does know?"

A little shiver of nervousness took momentary possession of her at the foolishly unwelcome thought that so suddenly intruded itself. And Rose had lived in the shadow of the open door of the small bedroom where her maid slept—Pauline it was, who had entered her service when Jocelyne no longer needed her, and who had been Rose's almost constant companion since; for, despite her recklessness, her awful courage, her indomitable will in the performance of the duties she had chosen, Rose would not remain alone at night; for it was at night that her outraged conscience took its revenge in the form of fear and terror.

And to-night, when the clocks had tolled two, and there was the solemn stillness of a summer night, lying over the moonlight landscape, Rose was conscious of unusual vividness of sensation that was a mixture of superstitions unrest and memories of haunting regret.

"I am worse than a child, siller than a bear-story-frightened baby! I will not permit my imaginative thoughts to intrude into my happiness, like a death-head at a feast. What is Jocelyne Merle, lying moldered in her coffin over yonder, to me?"

She arose from her chair as she spoke, with her eyes looking almost defiantly in the direction of the little chapel whither her hands had come to rest; and, with a glance of almost smiling contempt was in them, and a sneer at her own transient, inexplicable sensations of alarm was on her beautiful lips.

A glance that turned suddenly to a look of frozen horror.

A sneer that was petrified on her lips that blanched to ashen paleness.

For, on the wide, moonlighted lawn, its velvety turf unbroken even by a shrub, she distinctly plainly saw Jocelyne Merle coming toward the house; her white burial dress trailing noiselessly over the thick, soft grass, her dusky hair falling over her shoulders, her lovely face irradiated with a weird, unearthly expression of marble calm!

Jocelyne, as Rose had seen her as the fair girl lay in her satin-lined, satin-pillowed casket! Jocelyne, gliding silently, swiftly toward the house.

The cry that was on Rose's lips seemed to be petrified before she uttered it. Her blood ran through her veins in a chilling tide; an icy stagnation seemed to seize her powers of volition and motion as she stood there, half-crushed with the awful sight of that slight, graceful figure commanding over the lawn toward the house, toward her!

"Pauline! Wake up, for God's sake! I have seen a ghost—I have seen Jocelyne! Light the gas!—lock the doors!—speak to me and tell me I am not mad!"

And the proud, wicked woman clung to her servant with a very despair of slavish fear.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE RESURRECTION FROM SLEEP.

Not Jocelyne's ghost, returned from the shadow-world, to visit reproach and the punishment of terror on the treacherous friend who was to usurp her place.

Not Jocelyne in the spirit, but, Jocelyne alive, and in the flesh, her glorious beauty unimpaired by the strange destiny she had undergone!

Jocelyne Merle alive, whom they all had seen buried in Westwood chapel a year and a half before!

In order to understand, it will be necessary to drop the thread of the living romance at Westwood and retrace our steps to that December day, so many months past, when, with solemn services, Florian Ithamar's bride-elect had been laid away in her coffin in the vault in the Westwood chapel.

Naturally, the pitiful romance of the circumstances had been made known far and wide. The daily newspapers had made almost a sensation of it, until the sudden death of Jocelyne at Westwood, and the name of the household at Westwood were, for the time, public property.

Rose St. Felix, as Iva Ithamar, and cousin of the groom, was in the sad story, and Ernest St. Felix, as he read his morning *Herald* in his sumptuous room in the hotel that Rose's hush-money purchased him, at once set to thinking how remarkably strange it all was.

It will be seen he had not gone away as he had told Rose he intended; Kenneth Richmond had gone to Europe, and when St. Felix had written to his wife it had been his intention to accompany him. His circumstances had rendered it unavoidable, and he had quitted himself luxuriously at a fashionable hotel, when the news came to him of the romantic sorrow that had ensnared the household at Westwood.

St. Felix was a shrewd, far-seeing man, and it occurred to him almost instantly, when he read the particulars, that it was extraordinary even if possible. He realized the very human probability of Rose's becoming attached to the handsome gentleman who believed her to be his cousin; he could well understand Rose's jealousy in Mr. Ithamar preferring Miss Merle to her, and between the various theories that came plausibly to him, he made up his mind that there had been foul play, and that Rose was at the bottom of it.

There was not an atom of regret for Rose's sake; not a twinge of jealous wrath that, in all human probability, Rose would deliberately marry some one, while he was still living.

"Why need I care? She has feathered my nest well, and by her supposed death left me untrammeled in anything I may wish to do. I will let her have her own head so long as the money comes regularly."

He could not shake off the feeling that in some way Jocelyne Merle had crossed his wife's path. He was haunted by it all the hours of December night until it grew upon him alarmingly.

"I wonder what possesses me? Can it be possible I was at all smitten by Miss Merle's lovely beauty, or is it that I am continually remembering how I supposed Rose was dead, when she wasn't? Of course there could be no such trick as that played out at Westwood; and yet I'd wager all I possess in the world that there's something below it all—and the fascination on

me is strong to ferret it out. I feel perfectly powerless in the hands of some invisible power; I feel I must go down to Westwood."

And while Rose St. Felix had been exulting in the verdict of the physicians, and tenderly obeying their directions in removing the dark hue from Jocelyne's face, she little dreamed of the avenger on her track—the silent, swift suspicion that, vague, purposeless though it was, nevertheless pointed to her.

He went down to Westwood, and heard the story of the awful sudden, pitiful death, over and over again. He heard of the lover, the beautiful devotion and kindness of Pauline Ithamar, the friend of the country, for he did not prefer to venture among the few families he had known, briefly, as Richmond's guest. But he walked over to Sunset Hill, now closed and deserted, and so lonely and gloomy among the sea of leafless trees, under the dim, snow-suggesting sky, and wearing no suggestion of the scenes of reality and good cheer that had been enacted inside its hospitable walls.

He walked around the dreary, lonely grounds, where not a sound or sight of human life was heard or seen, feeling with a shiver of the cold-piercing wind, that it was as desolate as the tomb. He had been drawn to the scene of the catastrophe, and had been a dozen instead of only a mile away.

He peered curiously through the slats of the shutters on the ground-floor, and the contrast between the richly-furnished rooms within and the cold, cloudy world without was startling, for the moment, for he had forgotten that as Richmond had taken it furnished, he of course left it so.

The early winter dusk was falling when he left the deserted grounds—the evening of the day on which Jocelyne had been laid away in Westwood Chapel, and, urged by that same impulse that had moved him yet unquenched him, he continued his walk toward the house that sheltered his wife, not hoping to see her, not desiring to see her, yet feeling that his nearness to her and the scene of her magnificent imposture would quiet the restless, vague uneasiness he was conscious of.

Already the lights in the upper windows twinkled from the mansion, and as St. Felix walked briskly along, he grew gayer and brighter until he found himself at the lower park entrance, the one through which he had been requested to retire that day when he had seen his request.

He had laid his hand over her heart, while he was thinking as above; and he could just distinguish its fluttering, feeble pulsings.

"She is not dead! The game is not yet up!

"She will revive presently, and if my prophecy is correct, she will revive to a sense of bewilderment, and later, fear, and horror when she discovers her situation. Then she will probably faint again, and I shall take that opportunity of carrying her across to Sunset Hill."

He lit another Vesta and just as it flared up with fitful gleam, her eyelids fluttered open again, and a decided quiver thrilled her frame, and the increasing liveliness of her hips, St. Felix knew she was rapidly regaining strength.

There was no recognition in her eyes, no light of consciousness, and their cold, stony glare was sad to see; but St. Felix knew it precluded sensibility, and laying her gently down on the floor, he began a vigorous rubbing of her wrists and arms, the while taking in every detail of her white, still face, with the cold, stony-gazing eyes, the lips closed in a rigid line, the figure still rigid in its attitude, but so intact with grace and girlish beauty that even the signs of disease and infirmity, when she had been laid away and locked in her coffin, had no power to obliterate.

He poured more brandy between her lips, and continued his vigorous chafing, only pausing to light match after match, and with his cool forethought, gathering the tiny blackened tips and thrusting them in his pocket.

Then Jocelyne rewarded all his exertions by a sudden little gasping, choking noise; a cough, and then a low, piteous moan; signs that instantly made St. Felix forget his own disconcert arising from cold and nervous excitement.

And then he saw she was perfectly conscious as she looked at him, although her wavy dark eyes were full of fright and wonder.

"Miss Merle! Miss Jocelyne! Do you know me? Can you speak to me?"

She did not answer, but the wonder and bright in her eyes increased, as she cast a quick, startled glance around the dim, gloomy vault, and upon St. Felix's face, on which the faint taper glow sent a mysterious light. She gave a little exclamation of sobbing affright, that he could not translate.

"Just what I feared! You have nothing to fear. You are safe—with me now. Do you know where you are?"

Her eyes never moved from his face, and he saw the piteful fear and bewilderment in them, mingled with a dumb pleading of woe.

"There has been a terrible mistake, Miss Merle, and I have saved your life. Can you understand? Do you remember anything?"

Still no answer from her quivering lips, but her eyes changed their expression to one of memory and keener intelligence, as if her faculties, benumbed by the terrible trance she had endured, were regaining their powers.

"I cannot understand—what place is this?"

"Why am I here?"

She whispered the words with evident effort; then the awful horror and bewilderment came back in her eyes as she suddenly seemed to comprehend where she was.

"Why, this is—a vault! I am not dead! Why why am I here?"

Excitement was giving her sudden, false strength of mind and body.

"Not dead, Miss Merle, but you were supposed to be dead, and were buried this afternoon, and I have saved you from a living tomb. When you feel able, I will take you from this horrid hole."

Her eyes dilated with horror at the picture he had painted.

"Buried alive! I—I buried alive! And Guardy permitted it—where is he? Take me to him right away! He will be so overjoyed when he finds out the mistake! Please take me, if you can!"

He was shivering with cold and excitement, and her eyes were glowing with a supernatural gleam that was in marked contrast to her pale, sweet face. She attempted to rise from her recumbent position but could not, unassisted, and St. Felix had helped her to sit up, and was supportingly supporting her.

"You are hardly able to attempt the distance to the house, Miss Merle, and I dare not leave you while I procure help. Be patient a few minutes longer."

She strove bravely to control her eager, nervous excitement, but he saw the deathly pallor gather on her forehead and lips again, and he knew his prophecy was true, that she would yield to the strain on her unfeebled nervous system.

He was correct. She seemed fighting against the deathly weakness that crept over her, but was obliged to succumb, and her lovely little dusky head drooped to her breast in a deep faint.

Instantly St. Felix began his dangerous, hazardous experiment. He hastily reconnoitered in the vicinity, and satisfied himself that the path was clear as far as the main road. Then, he gathered Jocelyne in his strong arms, covered her carefully as he could with his long coat, and then started down the path through the little cemetery out into the road.

He had now few moments to dispose of his burden, and the dense darkness in his arms, and gloom and the threatening storm abroad in the dark winter night made his hazardous attempt less hazardous, as no one in that neighborhood would be at all likely to be out—not the poorer classes, who would prefer to huddle around their scant fires, and certainly not the petted darlings of wealth, whose comfort was so essential to them.

For the moment all thought of the ultimate end of this task was lost; he was only a fellow-being, conscious of the awful peril of another. His face gathered great beads of sweat as he threw off his overcoat, and fairly trembled in his vain endeavor to make his fragile knife-tight even on its relentless screw. Then, in a mockery of hope, it seemed he began a search for some means to bind her, and to restrain her movements. And almost a laugh came from his lips as he snatched at an old rusty knife-blade, that he found fitted sufficiently well to enable him to hope for success—an old broken knife-blade, that Mike, the gardener's boy, had lost years ago, and that had been waiting for its part in this tragedy.

It did not take him many minutes to remove the lid; and he found his worst suspicions correct; Jocelyne was alive—alive in her coffin, and as he gave a low exclamation of almost incredulous surprise and satisfaction, her dark eyes weakly opened and met his own earnest gaze.

CHAPTER XXVII.

FROM TOM TO PRISON.

THE effect upon St. Felix was startling, although he was previously so confident that his suspicions were correct. As Jocelyne's lids slowly fluttered open, he made no immediate exclamation of surprise or satisfaction,

for the sight of her deathly face, her haunting eyes that for one second stared so wildly at him, her pinched, haggard visage, her limp folded hands, the sickeningly sweet odor of tuberoses and geranium leaves, dissipated, for the time, almost all power of speech or action.

Then her lids drooped heavily, and her pale lips assumed a still bluer cast, and St. Felix realized that she had fainted, whether from alarm or prostration, he did not know.

Then his momentary inaction was over. He comprehended that whatever was to be done, must be done quickly, and at once he slipped aside beneath her, and lifted her light, restless form from her horrible resting-place, and carried her to the door of the vault, the fresh, cool wind blowing on her with resuscitating influence.

From his pocket he took his well-filled brandy flask, and succeeded in forcing some of its contents between her lips; then, when a prolonged shiver quivered over her, St. Felix took his thick warm overcoat and wrapped it closely about her.

By this time his Vesta match had burned out, and he lighted another, its dim flame flickering dully on Jocelyne's piteous, pinched face, as she lay, rigidly, on his arm, while he watched the fire, and the smoke, and the smoke, and the smoke.

"She looks like a dead person. I wonder if she will recover and reward me for my trouble? I wonder if I can get her across to Sunset Hill unseen? I will have no difficulty in getting in, once there, with the trusty keys of mine, that unlock even the gates of the tomb! If I can once get her there, securely, I will answer for keeping her there, securely. I will get some one to attend to her, and her return to Westwood will depend upon circumstances. If it pays me to permit her to return, she will; if not, I will not return."

He was thinking over the possibilities of his escape, and the trusty keys of mine, that unlock even the gates of the tomb! If I can once get her there, securely, I will answer for keeping her there, securely. I will get some one to attend to her, and her return to Westwood will depend upon circumstances. If it pays me to permit her to return, she will; if not, I will not return."

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A SOLILOQUY.

"**GREAT SCOTT!** This is what I call comfort! A nice little supper served for one, a quiet house, a box of fine cigars, the evening paper, a new book, and a chance to stretch one's legs *ad infinitum* without hearing Mrs. Sniffen say:

"**Mercy!** Mr. Sniffen, I beg of you do not spoil the chairs by putting your great feet in them! And I must insist that you omit setting the children such disgraceful examples."

"Ha! ha! It makes me laugh to think what a free man I am, with wife and family all in the country! Why, it is like the time when I was Tom Sniffen, a jolly dog of a bachelor. Ah! those were good, easy days, when a fellow could invite any man he liked to "drop in;" and could repose the extent of his personality on as many chairs as he chose; and could read new books and discuss them with some associate who had read them also; and smoke a cigar without hearing a tirade on the amount of his cigar bills and the disgustingness of the habit. My! my! women are a great institution, anyhow! They never seem to think that we men find it quite as disgusting to see them dab walnut-juice on their eye-brows, and red-salve upon their lips, and two or three thicknesses of powder day upon their faces; and then how disgusting it is to see them working at those endless little curlicues they wear about their forehead, sticking them flat with gum or soap; to say nothing of how our nasal organs object to the odor of burnt hair that always clings to their crimped. But do we ever raise rows, and tell them how much of temper we could have a new shirt, or indulge in a new beaver, if they would waste less money on their gums and salves, and concoctions and cosmetics? Why no indeed, sir! We just submit!"

"Well, well; I'm going to enjoy this little freedom, you can just stake your last dollar on that, Tom Sniffen, my boy! I'll smoke in every room in the house, instead of always stowing myself away in the kitchen or the attic when I want to indulge; and I'll have 'the boys' come in to tea, just as they used to, to eat a stew with me, when I lived, fancy free and

family free, in my third-story-front room. Annie gets up very nice little meals, and she is a very clever, good-natured girl; not bad-looking, either. Ha! ha! Wouldn't Mrs. Sniffen give Annie her *coupe* mighty quick if she heard me say the girl was pretty! Thinks I would make love to her, no doubt. What a joke! Make love to the cook! I, who never kissed any woman but my wife since I first put on roundabouts! Oh, it is too funny, what jealous little savages women are! Heigho! one never knows anything about them until one is married.

"Well do I remember the day I first saw Mrs. Sniffen. It was in church. Laura innocent she was then; and how bewitching she did look as she knelt on the footstool and repeated the litany. Bless me! I thought she was an angel straight from heaven, and hardly to be thought of by Tom Sniffen—earthly wretch. I know I told her about it afterward, and how I respected her deep religious devotion.

"Oh, yes!" said she; "I recollect the day well; and how I could scarcely keep my place in the prayer-book for looking at the blue-silk bonnet that Mary Adair had on. Such an ugly thing as it was! And she putting on as many airs as if it had come from Paris!"

"Oh, Laura, Laura, how you women do deceive us poor devils of men! And I cannot for the life of me see how we get so infatuated. How I used to dream of married life! It was to be one long honeymoon. Your pretty red lips could never speak cross words and would always be proffered like nectar for me to sip. You and I should read the same books and discuss them together; and evenings, while you mended gloves or darned our hose, I was to tell you all the political news of the day, and read you the famous speeches, and the literary and art criticisms. Wherever I went you should go, also. My gentlemen friends should drop in to see us often, in a social, informal way, and you should charm them with your pretty hospitality and general intelligence. I should share with you all my business cares and consult you concerning all my plans and aspirations for the future. Bah!"

"What aspirations can a married man have, except to gain wealth enough to satisfy his wife, some day, and to hope that she will finally decide on what course of training to adopt toward the children, and for once get a new dress that she is fully convinced is handsomer than any of the dresses of her female friends? Ah, me! The illusions of marriage vanish rapidly when our sweethearts become our wives! When they are our sweethearts they cannot dress prettily enough for us; what ravishing toilets they make! When they are our wives, neatly-arranged hair, and dainty collars and cuffs, of a morning, are too much trouble for us alone; in fact, they never make a handsome toilet unless company is coming, or they are going out. And if our friends call, 'they are such a bore,' and they do not approve of people getting in habit of coming so unceremoniously. And they do not get time to read new books, though they get time to put 'nineteen sweet tufts' in a pair of pillow shams. They do not want to hear about politics; what do they care who is President? they never could see any sense in prosing over long speeches on 'specie payment' or 'civil reform'; they don't care whether the reform is civil or uncivil, or whether they have specie or bills, so long as you give them plenty of one or the other, wherewith to go shopping. As for reading aloud, they are knitting 'such a love of new opera,' and cannot count the stitches if you disturb them. And kiss you, sit on your knee, run to meet you! They wonder how you can be so silly! And you need not tell them anything about business; they are so nervous, they hate to hear about such matters; but you can band them a twenty-dollar bill if you have it in your pocket.

"I do not wonder that so many men find more charms outside of home than in it, when he takes into the inner sanctuary of his heart a pretty, little, caressing woman, who, he fondly imagines, is to develop and complete all that is best in his life; and she develops into a fretful, selfish, sullosse woman who interests herself in none of his pursuits nor pleasures!"

"Ah, well; I suppose women are not capable of the nice things we think of them; and, after all, Laura is no worse than the general run!"

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

ALWAYS IN THE WAY.

(THE WRONG WAY.)

THERE are some people who always seem to be in the way, and in the wrong way too. They intrude upon your privacy and trouble you with silly and unimportant questions; they talk to you on their own business and expect you to leave your own business to attend to them, and expect you to pay the postage besides, as they inclose no stamp; they call just at a time when you don't want them to; they rush over to your house when you have company, with whom they are unacquainted, and with whom you had much rather have a quiet *tete-a-tete* than to be interrupted by others; they peep and poke into your uncorrected manuscript and point out where you have failed to dot an "i" or cross a "t," or have left out a word, until you feel like tearing the manuscript, or them, to pieces; you cannot keep your temper while they are about; patience with them is as impossible as placid temperament to make others unhappy.

If you are kindly disposed to do a good action and help some suffering creature, these human hyenas will get in your way and strive to prevent you from carrying out your good intention by saying that the objects of your commiseration have brought their poverty on themselves by drink, shiftlessness or extravagance, and that the money given them by you will do little good. They think you had better wait until you learn more about them. Heed their advice, and ten chances to one, some deserving soul will die while you are waiting—so it's best to take the risk and quietly tell these intermeddlers to step out of your path. If they don't take the hint deal a *hail* if that spoils the toe of your boot is money well lost.

There are people who are always in the way when love-making is going on; who do seem to love to make mischief between engaged persons, to cause quarrels to arise between them—who strive to ever keep them in hot water, and who, even after marriage, will not let them alone but continue to wag their serpent-like tongues and give employment to the lawyers who procure divorces. Take my word for it that half the marriages dissolved—except those by death—are through the machina-

tions of these detestable mischief-makers who are always in the wrong way, and who, in their pretense of doing good, work much evil. They are hypocrites, for they lead you to suppose they have your interest at heart when their tattling tales serve merely to *annuse* themselves and to gratify their love of mischief.

I prefer to have these hateful creatures run against me in the street, put out my eyes with their parasols, spatter dirt on my best walking dress, than to have them poke around my domicile and regale my ears with the ill-doings and shortcomings of my neighbors. When people are engaged or married they trust each other—at least they *should* do so or they ought not to be engaged or married—and they do not want their bliss disturbed by some one getting in their way and filling their ears with base insinuations, stretches of imagination or downright falsehoods. Let jealousy once creep in and it's hard to drive it out; it may be forgotten, but it cannot be forgotten, and it is the bitterest enemy one can have on their heartsthorne. Better not let it enter at all than have hard work to drive it out.

If I had a husband I loved and believed in I'd not want any busybody coming with reports to me of what they think of his conduct. When they commenced to pour forth their slander I should just say: "My good friend, stop where you are. I don't wish to hear what you would say. I have faith, confidence and trust in my husband, and your words could not turn me from him. Please keep your opinions to yourself concerning my husband. If you have ought of good to tell me of him I will most willingly listen to you, but not otherwise." Perhaps these words might give me an enemy; she might hate me for not being inclined to listen to her accusations; yet, I know, I should despise her had I done so.

These persons who get in our way continually—the wrong way—we do not want, do not need, have no desire for, cannot find room for their accommodation; so we should advise them, one and all, to "clear the track"—not a very ladylike expression but a most expressive one.

EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

An Agreeable Ride.

THE Whitehorn family have always been noted for their supreme modesty and bashfulness. The whole family was wiped out by the flood just because they were too timid to ask Noah for a passage in the ark. After the flood the new line of the family sprung up spontaneously, and the same timidity and extreme bashfulness continued as in the original stock.

When Lot preached in Sodom and Gomorrah they were too bashful to go to church to hear him, and the consequence was that the line got another backset; but they afterward secured another start, and have continued without any serious interruption to the present day.

Now the reserve that has so long characterized the stock has been developed in me to an infinite extent, and especially when I was a young man. I was bashful enough for four or five men. You would hardly believe it, but it's so.

Now, in connection with bashfulness, I possessed another trait called bad horsemanship. I had that big; and once it happened that my girl went out to visit her uncle's, five miles in the country, and had exacted a promise that I would ride out there on the next Sunday.

I say my girl. How she ever got to be my girl I don't know; but I think that it was by a long series of stumbles, and stammerings and accidents and blushings, and other delightful agonies, for which she took pity on me, and, eventually I had got so bold that I could say a continuous string of six or eight words at a time, and could almost allow her to catch me looking at her, at times. Sunday came and I went.

The day had been sitting on the stove, and was dreadfully hot. The horse was very old, and dreadfully slow. It was the first time I had ever ridden on horseback, but I had seen others ride, and it looked easy enough. But I was deceived. I was dressed in pure white, and the saddle was very greasy and old. I didn't gallop out there, for I wasn't in a hurry, and I wanted to look at the scenery. In fact, I walked all the way.

I found about a dozen neighboring couples there for dinner, as they had a Sunday habit of gathering that way.

With my paper collar melted down, my white pants blacked, and the skirt of my linen coat torn by a branch when the horse shied, I didn't feel pretty comfortable.

We had a good dinner—I mean the others had, for they didn't seem to notice when a person was out of bread or chicken, and I got through quick.

After dinner a ride was suggested, the horses were all brought out, the girls and boys got into the saddles, and I was shown the horse intended for Angelina, which I led up to the block, and did my best to get it close enough for her to get on. I pushed it, and slapped, and jerked, while a gentle and subdued titter went around in the crowd. I pushed in vain, and the perspiration stood out on my face in bold relief. At last they all burst out in asperating laughter, and one young man said if I would turn the horse around so the *stirrup* would be toward the block perhaps it would be better, besides saving Angelina the trouble of climbing clear over the horse. I thought so, too; turned the horse end for end, and he went right up to the block; he had more sense than I had. I blushed, and needlessly remarked that I didn't know very much about horses.

Then as I sprang on my horse the saddle turned; and as I got up on the other side one fellow said if I could jump over seven horses as easily as I did over that one I could travel with a circus—in the lemonade business. When I got on again I stuck, and, for various reasons, I rode in the rear with Angelina.

The troop started up on a lively trot and trouble began.

My horse would have made a good pideiver. I had ridden in palace-coaches and the road was no comparison. My feet wouldn't stay in the stirrups for anything, although I did my best to keep them there.

I was in the saddle just half the time, and several inches above it the other half. As long as I was in the air I was all right, but when I would touch the saddle I was all wrong. I never knew how heavy I was before. I was afraid of breaking my horse's back, and every time I came down my back-bone was forced up into my head. In fact the next day I was three inches shorter than I was before. Then those in front neglected their own business and kept continually looking back at my business.

Angelina's eyes were upon me, too!

"What—is—the—use—of—them—being—in—such—a—hurry?" I asked, between jolts, and I never knew what the pommel of the saddle was for before. The road was awful rough! Angelina rode along as smoothly as

could be, but she had only one foot to keep in the stirrup while I had two.

"How do you seem to enjoy the ride?" asked Angelina, with the least little bit of fun in her tones.

"Oh—very—well. It—is—highly—ex-hilarating," I returned, and thought that a pleasant little trip on an upright framed mill-saw would be a much more delightful thing, take it all around. In turning corners I found I was sadly in need of a helm, and the turns I made were not noted for their shortness.

Our conversation was somewhat limited, and I found I was getting the hiccoughs, and also found that there was no law of equilibrium on horseback. I wanted to tie my feet in the stirrups so they would remain there.

By and by, the crowd struck into a gallop, and that old brute I rode followed suit. I thought my saddle had forty stirrups by the way they flew around, but I let them go and got a good grip around the horse with my feet.

"Isn't this fine?" said Angelina.

"Exceedingly—so," I said, tightening my grip on the mane, while I was sure the horse was running off, "although—riding—fast—all—ways—makes—me—sick."

Then I suggested slackening up a little as my horse must be very tired, and I knew I was. Forward and back went my head, and I thought every time I would jerk it off, and finally my hat did go. I was glad of it, for it was an excuse to stop; got the hat, and said I did not like the looks of the country out that way, and thought we had better saunter back. She benevolently agreed, and the crowd were soon lost in the distance.

Oh, but I had made that saddle sore! I felt like I had been shipwrecked on a thousand rocks. I knew when the crowd got back they would inquire if the horse was still alive, so when we got back to the house I bid Angelina good-by, and started down the other road; and when I got out of sight, got off and led the horse home, five miles. I don't like to ride all the time. The horse died a few days afterward, but by good treatment I survived.

I never knew before what death on the pale horse meant, nor how too much horseback exercise destroys the romance of love.

Musically, WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Topics of the Time.

—The faculty of Dartmouth College have decided that hereafter no student shall have the benefit of a scholarship who will not pledge him to spend no money for liquor, tobacco, billiards and dancing.

—In 1859 Russia borrowed 25,253,000; in 1862 £15,000,000; in 1864, £25,538,000; in 1866, £25,920,134; in 1867, £22,908,000; in 1870, £21,962,950; in 1871, £21,962,950; in 1872, £14,969,900, and in 1873, £15,900,900, making a grand total of £105,514,934.

—The sea holds 60,000,000,000,000 tons of salt. Should the sea be dried up there would be a deposit of salt over the entire ocean 450 feet deep; and if

THE FOOTPRINTS.

BY A. W. BELLAW.

Your broad lands boast one bare place
Whereon nothing cares to grow.
Was it accident or grace
Led me hither? Far below
With an idle eye, half shut,
Up this path I came and found
This proud imprint of your foot—
Stamp of beauty in the ground!

Maud, I know you're surely cold
When I thought as warm as fire;
Whose now other arms enfold
Whom now other eyes admire,
Passion broke the perfect spell
Wherein so lived serene—
Dead at last where wild words fell—
Words that better had not been.

You were proud and I was poor.
Maud, there's sin to be aoned;
There is wrong at some one's door
Though it ever be unknown.
And the past's a paining way
Of the present's passing part,
There's a footprint in the day
And another in the heart.

Sixteen and Forty;

OR,

WHO WAS CAUGHT?

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

MAUD ECCLES had been standing, the admired center of an admiring crowd, for nearly fifteen minutes, and worshipping her from afar Clifford Kenneth watched her, with a look in his eyes that told its own story of passionate love.

He was handsome, remarkably so, yet in a refined, elegant style; he was educated, agreeably fascinating in manner—and he was worth a thousand dollars a year—a thousand dollars that was earned by daily toil over the books of a firm of tea-merchants, and *not* the interest of accumulated or inherited fortune.

And Maud Eccles was the oldest of two children of a millionaire; a young lady whose florist's bill alone amounted to Clifford Kenneth's salary, whose jewels cost more money than he had ever earned in his life. Maud was pretty—very pretty in a plump, girlish, rosy way that dissipation had not yet spoiled; but that time might.

And—Clifford Kenneth had dared think of her as his love, his wife.

Of course it was absurdly presumptuous; but then, men have been known to perpetrate equally ridiculous mistakes; and Mr. Kenneth, standing aside from the brilliant crowd and watching the girl he loved, did not realize that the unattainable was before him.

Not that he did not perfectly understand the immense disparity in his present pecuniary condition and Maud's, but love at twenty-five is so apt to be rose-colored and hopeful, and with his admirable position he now occupied, his perfect health, his proud ambition, Clifford Kenneth did not know why he should not, in reasonable time, rise to wealth the same as hundreds of other men had.

He watched Maud with rising pulse and eager eyes—she was so sweet and fair, and so many times had she given him reason to hope—so many times he had caught her blushing gaze—surely, surely, Maud would be true to her young heart and admit what he felt was true—that she loved him.

He had come to her house, resolved to put his fate to the touch that night; and when the sound of some one's voice singing in the music-room had drawn nearly every one thither, Mr. Kenneth captured Maud and bore her off on his arm in an entirely different direction.

"It's too bad, Mr. Kenneth, because I really wanted to hear Miss Sempronio sing."

Maud half-laughed her pretty little protest as she took his arm and he piloted the way to the conservatory where the lights were burning dimly and the sound of plashing water came softly to their ears.

"But I wanted you to-night, Maud," he said, gently, yet the undertone of passion in his voice startled her. "I want you to listen while I tell you what you must have guessed a long while ago—how I love you, my darling, how I want you for my own! Maud!"

And Maud, with downcast eyes, laid her two dainty hands on his arm in a pretty, pleading way, that a wayward child might have used.

"Oh, please, *please* don't say so, Mr. Kenneth! It hurts me so to have to tell you—it cannot be as you wish! Indeed, indeed I am so sorry, and I would be so glad if papa would not insist on my marrying Mr. Henderson. But he is rich, and I have always been accustomed to—"

Somewhat the pretty pathos in her voice was dying out, and a flippant coldness was creeping into it that cut Kenneth to the very soul.

So, it was because he was poor, after all! And Maud was to marry old Mr. Henderson—his daintily little Maud, because she could better get along without love and devotion than handsome dresses and jewels and horses and carriages.

Well, that was all there was of it. He was refused, prettily, gracefully, decidedly, and he had to bear it as best he could.

And he bore it well—graciously. He had loved this girl—oh, so fondly. She had seemed to him all that was sweetest and truest and fairest—and she had brushed the bloom off herself by so quickly telling him it was money he loved.

He bore it very well. He bowed his acceptance of her decision, and was leaving the house, when Maud's little sister, Christie, came dancing up to him—a slender, graceful little fairy of four years, with floating golden curls and dark, thoughtful eyes.

"Mr. Kenneth, you mustn't do home! Don't you remember you promised to dance a waltz with me? An' I've done on my new dress, 'tause I was doin' to dance with a bid, drawed-up man!"

Surely enough, he had told Christie, days and days ago—days ago when he was so hopeful and happy—that she must give him the redowa which she was so proud to have learned. And here the little darling was, looking with aggrieved eyes at him, for not having shown her more attention by himself remembering it.

Kenneth was one of those sweet, patient dispositions who are always just and kind to little ones; so now he stopped on his way, smiling, in spite of his sore pain.

"So I did promise, sure enough, Goldenhair! And how sweet my little partner looks! Come, Christie, they are playing our dance!"

It was a happy, five minutes for the child, and when Kenneth stopped and sat down beside her for a second, her eyes were all a-sparkle, as she leaned confidentially against his knee.

"I like you, Mr. Kenneth! I'm doin' to dive

you sumfin. I are dot it in my pottet—Hawwy dived it to me!"

She carefully took from her tiny pocket a huge peanut and broke it in halves.

"There; you take half, and I take half, and we'll both eat 'em. And it'll be philopena, and whoever says philopena first, after to-night, must div a present to the unver one!

Do you know what I want if I catch you Mr. Kenneth? A dreat bid tawigae for my doll."

Somehow, the child's prattle sounded inexpressively restful to him, after that heartlessness of his sister, and yet the innocent mention of the time when one of them should say "philopena" after to-night, smote him with dull, cold pain. Would he ever see her or her fair, cold-hearted sister again?

Then he kissed little Christie good-night, assuring her he should be on his guard against her, and took the peanut and went away—to a long, dull painful fight against a love he was determined should not conquer him and wreck his life.

With such determination as Clifford Kenneth took to his task, men and women invariably succeed in their efforts. And he was no exception. It took hard fighting, and resolute endurance, and stubborness not to give up to the pleadings of heart against head; and at length he came out victorious; at last he came to be able truthfully to say that it was best for him that he had had the discipline.

And just at this crisis of his life, when he had not seen Maud Eccles for nearly two years, nor even caught a glimpse of Christy's golden hair, he was sent abroad by his firm on delicate, important business, that took him years from home and associations—so many years that when at length he returned to New York city he was a grave, matured man of forty, handsomer than even in younger days, and with a balance at his banker's that would put to blush the fortune of the man for whom Maud Eccles had so cruelly thrown him aside fifteen years before.

He was thinking of it as he was being driven in his carriage to a reception one evening, shortly after his arrival home, where, as wealthy, handsome and unmarried, he became at once the rage.

He was thinking of Maud Eccles, and wondering how she had fared, as men will think and wonder of women who once were dear to them; never once supposing that almost the first person he would see in Mrs. Castlemain's parlors would be Mrs. Henderson herself.

The contrast was vivid between them. He, in the full flush and glory of healthy, perfect manhood, bearing the marks of culture and traveled ease so becomingly. She—fat to actual obesity, with a great double chin, and red, puffy cheeks, and a general look of misery and weariness.

But, it was Maud. The woman he had once loved—and he experienced an actual thrill of delight as he had escaped this mountain of flesh, as he took her big, perspiring hand.

"Is it possible, Mr. Kenneth? Really, I am not surprised you almost fail to recognize me, but I've no difficulty in finding my old friend in you."

Of course he had to say something about being delighted, and then—the very sweetest-faced girl he had seen in his life came up to him—a tall, slender girl with thoughtful, yet joyous eyes, that were dark and beaming, with exquisite golden hair brushed off a low, fair brow, a girl who never by any physical possibility could become such a mammoth as the lady beside them.

"I don't believe Mr. Kenneth remembers me, Maud, and I attribute it entirely to the shocking way he once ate philopena with me, and then left me with no chance to redeem it."

He turned eagerly toward her.

"It is Christie, my little pet whom I used to dance with, and kiss when I chose! Shall we begin where we left off, Miss Christie?"

His glad admiration was all over his handsome face.

Christie laughed and flushed.

"So far as the part first of the programme is concerned I've not the least objection. They are playing a redowa now, Mr. Kenneth! Do you remember our last dance together?"

She took his arm as they went off to the music-room.

"Have I forgotten it? Or how you told me you liked me afterward? It is to be hoped you will be as kind in your reward after this redowa is over."

That delicate, shy little flush made her inexplicably lovely, he thought, and he took her in his arms for the dance with a quickening of his pulse and a thrill of delight he thought never to experience again.

A fortnight later, he found her sauntering through her father's conservatory one evening—he was a most welcome guest to others than fair Christie.

"Come, let's talk, little Golden-hair—I used to call you Golden-hair, you remember?"

She laughed, with her sweet face drooped away from him as one hand rested lightly on his arm.

"You have a most excellent memory, Mr. Kenneth! Suppose I tell you that I remember gravely telling you I wanted a doll-carriage for a philopena present, and actually cried for a week when I found you had gone 'for good' and given me no opportunity to win it!"

He pressed the round arm closely to him as they sauntered on—among the very aisles and dusky shades where he had told Maud he loved her.

"I remember perfectly every word my little girl pet ever said to me! Christie! I want her to say something else to me that I shall remember with thankfulness and joy all my life. Will she tell me she loves me? Darling! Darling! You promised me a present if I caught you—I have caught you in Cupid's meshes—I want you, my sweet, my love!"

A silence, while the fountain plashed silverly, and the pearly water trickled musically over the rocks; while two hearts were throbbing in fierce tumult of happiness.

And then Christie lifted her sweet face.

"Oh, Mr. Kenneth, it is too blessed to be true! I have always, always loved you, and you will take me."

He stopped her low words with kisses.

How NICE!—Ten years ago a handsome young man passed through Monticello, Ky., and was noticed by a young girl, sitting at the window of the most aristocratic house of the town. She fell in love with him at first sight. She had wealth, culture and beauty. He was poor, and was then on his way to seek fortune as a cattle-herder in Texas. After many ups and downs, he found himself the owner of a silver mine in New Mexico. The girl bloomed into a rarely beautiful woman. She learned who the unconscious object of her fancy was, and they corresponded throughout the ten years. She never wrote a word of her personal attractions or feelings. A few weeks ago he wrote her proposing marriage, and soon followed his letter to her home, where he saw her for the first time. Recently they were married, and Miss Annie Berry, that her husband, R. B. Metcalf, was the greatest capitalist in New Mexico.

"I like you, Mr. Kenneth! I'm doin' to dive

ONLY A FLOWER.

BY ALBERT E. AVERY.

Nothing, no, nothing but leaves;

Only a little earthly flower,

Knowing no pain nor sorrow;

Happily but for a single hour.

Only a flower,

Filled with rich perfume,

Caring not that to-morrow

All may be hidden in gloom.

Nothing, no, nothing but leaves,

Only looking my best;

Midst the million of workers,

Only a welcome guest.

Only a blossom,

For one short, sweet hour;

They to die and wither—

Only a faded flower.

Oh, to be nothing but leaves,

Brings never a sigh from me;

While I see toiling workers

From warehouses and street.

Rather nothing but leaves,

Than to gain a King's renown;

If only through work and woe,

I'm to wear a royal crown.

Two or three long strides brought the man

she had called Edward Dent to her side

again. He looked down at her with a disagreeable smile.

"This is not the way old friends should

meet or part, Mrs. Heathcliff," and he grinned, sarcastically.

She drew a quick breath, growing quite pale

with anger and terror.

"Forgive me," she faltered. "I am not well."

"Humph! Perhaps you are well enough to

invite me to Fairlawn."

"To Fairlawn?"

"Yes, I am anxious to quarter myself there

for the present. Nay, don't make any apologies.

I am quite ready to take up with such

accommodations as you have to offer."

He ended with another of those disagreeable smiles.

"Mrs. Heathcliff shoot from head to

foot. But, with a strength of will worthy a

better cause, she turned, after a brief silence,

saying graciously:

"Of course you are very welcome. Pardon

me for not having offered the hospitalities of

Fairlawn sooner."

Then she fell back a little, signing for him

to follow her example. The instant Rachel

had passed beyond the reach of their voices

she said, between her shut teeth:

"What do you mean by coming here, and

forcing yours upon us?"

"I came," he answered, with a sneer, "because it was my pleasure, and because a certain person in whom we are both interested is lurking somewhere in this neighborhood."

Mrs. Heathcliff started, stared wildly, and cried with a shiver in her voice:

"Impossible! He is not here!"

"I have every reason to believe that he is.

A JUNE POEM.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

With roses in her hair sweet June,
With tender step and gaily,
Comes lightly wandering our ways,
And me perspire profusely.
The green has grown into the red,
The flowers are growing, the young,
The sweetest flowers of all the train—
The cabbages, are growing.

Bright month of June, how dear it is!
The year is half-way through now—
The sweetest time of all the year,
And several bills are due now!
Soft verdure covers the fields and hills
In emerald seas and meadows.
Far, far the landscape stretches green—
And butter's growing yellow.

The murmur of enchanting streams—
So sumptuous and inviting,
To-day allures the wandering steps—
And fish are mad and biting.
The sun ascends its highest height,
And days are growing longer,
A midday spreads o'er all the earth—
Onions are getting stronger.

The sweet fruit ripens on the bough,
In sunshine warm and glowing.
Nature provides for every need—
My parsnip bed ne'er hoeing.
The earth one pleasant picture seems—
And sun, birds, bees, and sun, and sunny,
And all the leaves are fully out,
As, likewise, is my money.

Then climbs the faroring tree,
And blossoms in the sunning.
The odor on soft winds is borne—
Soap factories are running.
The sweet mid-year, tree happy time!
Unspeakable silence sits around—
And on the falls the sun's bright beams—
Straw hats are all the go now.

A gentle shower, and nature wears
A freshness most surprising;
See, everything comes springing up
And day-board, too, is rising.
The heart with joyful moods is filled,
And brightness of creation,
And one feels almost glad enough
To own a poor relation.

Schamyl,
THE CAPTIVE PRINCE;
OR,
The Cossack Envoy.A Story of Russian Life and Adventure.
BY LAUNCE POYNTZ,
AUTHOR OF "LANCE AND LASSO," "THE SWORD-HUNTERS," "CAVALRY CUSTER," ETC.

I.—ZISKA.

BRIGHT morning in St. Petersburg. Sky as blue as ever it was in Italy, the air still, thermometer 20° below zero, ground and buildings covered with a white sheet of snow. The broad avenue of the Nevsy Perspective is crowded with sledges, all the bells ringing a mad peal of merriment. Still the sleeper sleeps on.

He arrived at the Hotel de Russie last night and registered his name as "Ziska Hoffman, John." With him came a big Russian friend, met on the steamer, and it is Ivan Ivanoff who is now shouting at the door.

"Come, Batushka, (little father,) if we want to see the Petrokskai before we take the train to Moscow now our time."

And he thundered at the door, effectually dispelling further sleep.

Ziska hurriedly dressed himself and admitted the good-natured giant.

"Now, Batushka," said Ivanoff, as he came in, "if you are a wise man you'll take the train to-day but go on to the night. There is the impudent palace and the hermitage of her most blood-madded of glorious memory, Katerina the Great, there is the admiralty and the Potrechian, the great statue of our immortal Czar Peter. There are the theaters, the arsenals, the churches. Surely you would never miss them. Batushka, stay a few days and we will go together."

"Well," said Ziska, smiling, "I don't know that we are in such furious hurry, after all, and I think we might easily do worse than explore this city in company, Ivanoff. Where shall we go first?"

"To breakfast, Batushka," said Ivanoff, grinning all over his broad face. A singular Russian breakfast, bacon and vodka, and after that we will take sledge and enjoy ourselves. Ah, Batushka, you don't know what a change it is for me, who left Russia a poor peasant, to come back a rich merchant, able to enjoy myself and have such a friend as the American nobleman."

Ziska laughed. Ivanoff was a true Russian, full of extravagant compliments.

They went down to breakfast, and a strange way they have of eating in Russia. First Ivanoff led his friend to a sideboard.

"Now, Batushka, you must eat Russian style."

There were little saucers of sweetmeats, others of salt anchovies and caviare and a little glass of vodka. Possibly you don't know what *caviare vodka* and *Caviare* is the roe of the sturgeon, or rather sterlet, a species of fish peculiar to the Volga river. Americans wouldn't like it, first time, or second either, but epicures are very fond of it.

You know Hamlet calls peculiar dainties "Caviare to the general."

Ivanoff made Ziska take first a little jam, then some salt anchovies and caviare, and then a glass of fiery vodka or Russian rye whisky.

"There, Batushka, that will give you an appetite."

The breakfast was in Russian style, with plenty of hot fat soups and stews, everything seeming to be intended to keep up the animal heat.

"Now, Batushka, the sledge is at the door. Leave us to make the bargain with the *ishvoshishik*. He would take the skin from you, the little dove, the son of an animal."

A few moments later the two friends were out in the biting frosty air, and Ziska shuddered through his big ulster as he felt the intense cold. Before the door stood a long low sledge with the runners made of thick wood and turning up at both ends away from the body of the vehicle, a very different machine from the trim American cutter of Ziska's recollection. In front were three horses, the center one a powerful black, the outside horses small, wild-looking shaggy ponies.

"But what a strange rig! The middle horse was in shafts, and over his collar rose a bright steel bow about two feet high, carrying three large deep-toned bells, chiming in accord with each other. The head of the horse was checked up to this bow so that he could only look straight before him. The outside animals had hardly any harness but a surcingle and traces; they wore no blinkers and seemed to be perfectly free.

"Now, Batushka, jump in. Plenty of furs. Cover up warm or you may lose a hand. Now, Peter Petrovitch, poshol!"

Poshol means go on, and was one of the few Russian words Ziska had picked up before leaving St. Petersburg.

The vocabulary is handy if you ever go to Russia. It is all-sufficient for the *ishvoshishik* or droshky-driver.

Poshol! Go ahead!

Stol! Stop!

Na pravo! To the right!

Na levo! To the left!

That's all you need till you come to settle your fare, and then you want to know the numerals up to ten so to count copecks and rubles. All that Ivanoff said Ziska—but he told him about the Russian money, which is very simple, as they drove along.

"You see, Batushka, you Americans have your dollars, we have our rubles. Our ruble is only worth seventy-five cents, but it counts a hun-

dred copecks. Ah yes, in the old days we had silver rubles, but now it is all paper everywhere, just like your greenbacks, and the good Lord he knows when we shall get back our old hard money."

As he spoke they were gliding over the snow down one of the broadest and handsomest streets in Europe, the renowned Nevsky Prospect. In Russia broad streets are all called "prospects" like our "avenues"; side streets are "outlets."

The Nevsky Prospect is lined with grand houses and palaces, and runs right through the center of St. Petersburg, from the Alexandrovski park-ground to the Admiralty and Winter Palace, about three miles. It is the Russian Broadway, and stretches across the wide bend of the river Neva, which winds all round the city.

To-day it is full of sledges and people all in furs, and Ziska lies back muffled up to the chin in white wolf-skins and watches the brilliant panoramas with delight.

"Hello, Ivanoff, what's that?" he asks, as a glint of weapons ahead of him catches his eye. There are a forest of spear-points high over the cover of sledges and the dull booming of kettle-drums is audible.

"The Cossacks of the Guard, Batushka," said his friend, proudly. "Ah, they have no such soldiers in America as those. Look at them how they ride!"

As he spoke a wild-looking man in a black fur cap and huge gray overcoat galloped by the sledge waving a short whip, and motioning to clear the way, with shouts of "*Poshol! Poshol! won!*" (Out of the road.) Slung at his back was his long spear, resting in the stirrup-boot, and he had a carbine and revolver, besides a sword in his belt. He wore no spurs, but carried a whip and alternately used it on his horse and the heads of any of the cowards who did not obey quickly.

Behind him, at about fifty paces, came the dark column of Cossacks, all in the same dress, all with the same short stirrups and little horses, but led by one of the handsomest men Ziska had ever seen.

This officer rode a great black horse, very different from those of the Cossacks. Obviously it was of English or other blood, and its rider was very different from the squat, thickset Cossacks, with their pig-noses and big bristling beards. He was tall and slender, with a high-bred face, great dark eyes, and a long black mustache that nearly touched his breast. He rode a horse whose mane was dark and pale, and a thoughtful, melancholy expression. He was obviously an officer of rank, but his uniform differed from that of the Cossacks. It was all of black or green, so dark as to be nearly black, laced with silver. A high conical Persian cap, long frock coat to the ankles, polished riding-boots, fur pelisse and gauntlets, very long silver-mounted pistols and saber—such was the appearance of the young officer who rode, solitary and proud, at the head of the Cossack column.

"Who is he, I wonder?" mused Ziska. "That man looks as if he had a history."

"That, Batushka!" said Ivanoff, eagerly.

"What is that young Schamyl?"

"Young Schamyl, the son of the great Tcherkess chief who gave Czar Nicholas so much trouble. When the old man surrendered at last, the czar treated him well and allowed him to go abroad on parole. He died at Medina only a few years ago. Well, Batushka, our czar is wise. He keeps the son of Schamyl here in the capital as an officer of his own staff, and he is a prince among princes. He ought to be happy now."

"He does not look so," thought Ziska.

At that moment the young Circassian prince passed close to the sledge, and as he passed he looked at Ziska.

Immediately Ziska Hoffmann raised his hand and saluted young Schamyl. The prince looked surprised, but returned the salute with a grave dignity of demeanor that impressed the American very favorably, to all appearance.

As he passed on, Ziska observed to Ivanoff:

"You may think that man is happy, but to my mind he looks like a prisoner planning to escape. Your czar may be wise, but he'd better watch his hostages."

The Russian merchant laughed.

"We can trust the czar, Batushka. Look; they have passed, and here we are at the Admiralty. Peter Petritch has good horses. That fellow in the saddle is a true Orloff trotter. See him step out."

Indeed, Ziska was surprised at the way in which the sledge was whirled through the street, the big horse in the middle throwing out his feet in a long slashing trot that would not have disgraced Dexter, while the shaggy Ukraine ponies on the outside were at full gallop. It was a singular but quite prepossessing team, and essentially Russian.

At a signal from Ivanoff the sledge stopped near the Admiralty, a great gray granite building; and the travelers had full view of the celebrated equestrian statue of Peter the Great, the horse rearing at the edge of a rock, formed by a block of granite forty feet high.

Before them was the roof sheet of the Neva, and at the other side of the Admiralty rose the enormous pile of the Winter Palace, leading to the so-called "Hermitage" of Catherine II., the cottage that cost twenty millions of dollars.

Ziska was still looking round him, lost in wonder and admiration, when he felt a hand on his shoulder. He started. A Cossack on horseback was by the sledge and handed him a little white note. Before he could open it the man saluted and rode away, leaving Ziska puzzled beyond measure.

(To be continued.)

Captain Saul's Victory.

BY C. D. CLARK.

"He broke the token, and half gave to me.
While the other's rolling—while the other's rolling—
At the bottom of the sea!"—Ode, Son.

So sung Nettie Dare, sitting on the gray rocks beside the sea, and watching the long swell as it came in from the east. It was the coast of New England, off New Bedford, and the maiden who sang that old, old song of love and constancy to the sea, the old song of love and constancy to the sea, the old song of love and constancy to the sea, the old song of love and constancy to the sea.

The men saw that the storm was rolling up with frightful rapidity, and the blows of the waves fell fast. A moment more and the two great heads went plunging down into the sea, and the men sprung out to set the storm-jib and staysails. Scarcely had it been done, and the sails drawn up to a tight leach, when the gale struck her, and the Dolphin went over on her beam-ends as if smitten down by the hand of a giant. The men at the wheel let her go over, and the ship slowly righted and went off before the wind with frightful speed. All was enveloped in utter darkness now, and Benton, who had missed Ned Valtton from his side, called to him, "Look out, sailor!"

"My God, captain!" cried the second mate. "Ned is overboard!"

Saul Wilson uttered a terrible cry, and glared at the water with wildly-dilated eyes.

"I killed him!" he cried. "I am a murderer, do you hear? I killed him as surely as if I had brainied him with an ax! Curse the darkness; but for that, I'd save him yet!"

He sprang to the rail and looked out, and raising his powerful voice, sent it ringing out across the sea. A feeble shout, from astern, told that Ned was there.

"Throw her up into the wind!" screamed the captain. "Up with her, if it takes every stick out of her! Now, then, who is with me to save the sailor?"

"It's the best I can do, dear girl. I've been a sailor since I was big enough to lift a marlin-spike, and I shall be a sailor till I die."

He took a small gold ring from his finger and cut it in two pieces with his knife, and gave her one.

"Keep it, Nettie," he said, "and in the day when you get it back you may know that the hand that held the token is cold in the dust or under the sea, and you may bid good-bye forever to your sailor lover, and look for another. I don't want to hamper you, my girl. If, when I am gone, you find another you care for more than poor Ned Valtton—"

"Ned!"

"I won't say what I was going to say then. I believe that you are true to the core, dear girl, and that I have doubted you. But I must say to recall the boats, and it won't be long before the anchor is off the bottom. One kiss, my darling, and then a good-bye."

He clasped her in his arms, and their lips met in a long and tender kiss. At this moment they heard a hissing laugh, and starting quickly, Ned Valtton saw a man in seaman's garb standing upon the rocks above, and looking down at them.

"I don't like to interfere, Ned, old boy," said the man, "but we must make the best of this wind. Go down to the 'Ship' and find the second mate, and go to the boat. I'll stay with you to recall the boats, and get there as quick as you can."

"It was Captain Saul Wilson, of the ship Dolphin, a successful captain, one who never went upon the whaling grounds but that he filled up the rest of the fleet—a man who never lost a ship, and who made money for his owners; who could command almost any 'lay' when he wished to change service."

"I'll go, captain," said the young man. "Nettie and I have made a bargain, and if I come back, after doing good work, and the owners give me command of the new ship they are going to build, she is to be my wife. Kiss me again, Nettie; Saul knows that we love each other."

Again he pressed her to his heart, and then tore himself away.

"I sprang over the rocks and disappeared, and Captain Saul gave Nettie his arm. She took it, and as she walked along the shell-strewn beach she looked up again and again into the weather-beaten face of Saul Wilson. It was not a bad face, but that of a man who had suffered in secret. His eyes, even now, had a dreamy look, and he kept them steadily turned away from her.

For he loved her.

Little did Nettie Dare know that this man had given her all the wealth of a great heart and had been hesitating until Ned Valtton, younger, more ardent and handsome than himself, had taken his place, and he saw the great hope of his life slip away from him, leaving him as he had seen the wrecks of ships.

He dared not look at her, for he loved Ned Valtton, and he turned his back for himself. Once or twice the thought came to him: "If he should die; if anything should happen to him on the voyage?" But, he drove the thought out of his heart, and when they came near the cottage of old Captain Dare he bade her good-by as an elder brother might have done, and hurried down to the boat, which lay there in waiting, with only three men in it. Soon Ned and the second mate came down, the latter took an oar, and the boat shot away toward the ship. Two hours later the anchor was hoisted, the head-sails filled, and the Dolphin bore away on her distant voyage.

Long months had passed, and again we see the Dolphin. She is on the sperm-whale fishing grounds, and a look at her is enough to show that she has seen service. There is an oily look about her, and the men have the same appearance.

The odor of oil is everywhere, and even now the try-pots are busy. On either side of the ship a strange object is suspended, the head of a gigantic sperm-whale, and the men are working in the great vessels scooping out the rich sperm.

"I'd like to get rid of these heads as soon as we can," Captain Saul said Ned Valtton. "I don't like the look of the sky."

Saul Wilson cast a gloomy look to leeward, and saw that a storm was brewing.

"Let it come," he said, in a surly tone. "I think sometimes it would be better for me if the next storm sent the Dolphin to the bottom. Curse it, why do you stand staring at me? I'd have you know that you've got a *man* to deal with, Ned Valtton."

"I used to think so, Saul," said Ned, sadly.

"Well, well; this voyage must come to an end, sometime."

"Do you want me to send you forward among the men?" asked the captain, fiercely. "By heaven, I'll do it if you don't look out. I won't have a sea lawyer know you."

Ned went forward without a word. He did not understand all this. From the moment the ship had rounded the Horn Saul Wilson had begun to show his hatred of the man who had been his friend. Nothing he could do was right, and the captain repeatedly interfered with him in the line of his duties, when no captain who has any respect for his first mate will interfere. The men muttered among themselves that they had heard the captain say that he would "work up the mate